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Theological

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
  Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
  Without a flower at all.
We might have had enough, enough,
  For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
  And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
  All dyed with rainbow-light,
All fashion'd with supremest grace,
  Upspringing day and night—
Springing in valleys green and low,
  And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
  Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not;
  Then wherefore have they birth?
To minister delight to man,
  To beautify the earth;
To comfort man—to whisper hope,
  Whene'er his faith is dim,
For whoso careth for the flowers
  Will care much more for him.

—Mary Howitt.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

AN EPIDEMIC OF WICKEDNESS.

Wickedness appears to have been especially prevalent of late. Hereabouts we have the case of an assistant cashier in a leading banking house appropriating to his own use, for gambling in stocks, two hundred thousand dollars. The vice-president of the bank is reported as having said:

"The financial loss is as nothing when compared with the shattering of our belief in human nature. I never met a man whom I could consider as free from the dangers of temptation as Baker, and now that he has gone wrong, it is almost enough for a man to fear himself."

The pastor of the church of which the embezzler was a member says that if a vote had been taken two weeks ago as to who was the most trustworthy man in the church the ballot would have been unanimously for this man who now faces a felon's cell.

In an article recently in one of our daily papers Ella Wheeler Wilcox said: "The attention of the whole world is focussed upon America today because of the money mania which has seized upon our men. Many foreigners who visit us lay the blame for this condition upon our women. Before women deny the accusation it might be well for each one to ask herself just how guiltless she may be. * * * Let her talk more and think more of quiet pleasures and simple habits of living, and she will find man following in her wake as he has done since time began."

We are not disposed to lay the blame for the mania for money on women. Some of it should be laid there, and some on men also. But of this we are assured, our country will rush rapidly on to ruin if more simplicity in living does not prevail soon.

People in large numbers seem to be possessed or obsessed with the idea that they must have every good thing that there is going, and innumerable are the devices and risks to secure it.

Another instance of wrong-doing which comes with peculiar shock is that of the far-famed "golden-rule chief of police" in Cleveland, Ohio. Chief Kohler's "golden rule" policy for first offenders and minor offenders had made him one of the best known and most famous chiefs of police in the world. Now, because of illicit relations with a woman, he has been dismissed for "gross immorality—conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and conduct subversive of good order and discipline in the police department."

Here was a man eminent in certain respects the world over; but there was a flaw, a weak spot in him, and he stands branded now as unworthy. The commission which investigated the charges states that while in other cities police officers have been guilty of corruption and extortion Frederick Kohler goes out a poor man.

Many persons, no matter how fine their characters in some respects, have their weak or bad spots; and finally these come out into the open, there seeming to be no way for their mending except through the discipline of a publicity which brings them to see themselves as they really are.

A NEED FOR DISINTERESTED INTEREST.

The course of the Rev. W. J. Call as chaplain at San Quentin is one of many evidences that there is great need in this age of the world for disinterested interest. Mr. Call was in a position at San Quentin in which he might have been very helpful to prisoners in other than a spiritual way. And through such service, rendered unselfishly, he would have gained influence with them which would have aided him in work with them spiritually.

But, like men in so many of the walks and works of life, the thought uppermost in his mind was, "What is there in it for me." Certainly there was this in it for him, which it seems he did not foresee—shame and disgrace.

Promising to use his influence in getting them paroled or pardoned Chaplain Call received money from prisoners and their friends—just enough, he claims, to cover his expenses in the work. There appears to be testimony that there was more than this. But, grant that it was no more than to cover expenses, what right has a man in such a position to engage in such work, even to that extent? The only way in which it could be done and avoid all suspicion would be for the man to do it to the extent of some financial loss to himself. We are hoping that the charge that Chaplain Call received money from prisoners which was not used as diretced by them but to pay his own living expenses will be found without foundation for it.

Although Chaplain Call received a salary of $1200 a year, had no house rent to pay, and bought his provisions at cost, in less than a year he was about one thousand dollars in dept to tradesmen at San Quentin and San Rafael. He failed with respect to the old maxim, "Cut your coat according to your cloth." That he had a large family is no excuse.

The preacher of the gospel, beyond all other men, is expected to be exemplary. Chaucer says of the old Canterbury friar whom he celebrates:

"Christ's love and his apostles twelve
He taught; but first he followed it himself."

It is **practicing**, much more than **preaching**, that wins men for Christ and the abundant life. Years ago there lived in a New England town an able physician who was a pronounced infidel. He was finally brought to an acceptance of Christ and then he said one day in public: "You will expect me to tell you, frineds and neighbors, what it is that has caused the recent change in my religious views and feelings. I can say that it has not been argument. I have never read nor heard an argument to which I did not think I could give an answer satisfactory at least to myself. But there was a kind of argument, a **living argument**, that

moved every day and often before me, in the Christian life of my neighbor, Deacon B., that I could not answer nor resist."

THE EFFORT TO GIVE UNIVERSITY STUDENTS THE CHRISTIAN VISION.

It is definitely settled now that the Rev. Dr. Brooks of Walla Walla will come to Berkeley in August and enter on work there as student pastor, and professor of homiletics in Pacific Theological Seminary. In a statement to the people of Walla Walla who urged him to stay there he said that there was a conviction among a group of men who have felt deeply the responsibility for the situation among university students in Berkeley that he could help to meet a need which seems to them the greatest and most imperative on the Pacific coast. In that connection Dr. Brooks said: "I share their conviction that there is no greater task before our generation than to bring the Christian vision to the young men and women in our universities, as it is being brought all the time to the young men and women in our Christian colleges; for the college and university trained men and women are to determine in large part the character of our civilization."

That a great work faces Dr. Brooks here is evident from the fact that while forty per cent of the students who enter the University of California are church members and while about seventy per cent of them indicate a church preference, less than ten per cent attend the churches in Berkeley.

In these formative years they need above everything else the Christian vision. So strong has been the impression that Dr. Brooks is the man to work among them most successfully that he has been brought to surrender a most happy pastorate at Walla Walla and to arrange to take the student work in connection with the chair of homiletics in Pacific Theological Seminary.

THE CONSTRUCTIVE QUARTERLY.

The Constructive Quarterly is a new journal which it is hoped will make for a better understanding among the different religious denominations. While the Quarterly has no scheme for propagating a system for the unity of the churches it does doubtless hope to bring about an increase of co-operation and unity. In an introductory statement it is said: "It is proposed that differences, like agreements, shall be fully set forth, explained and defended, so that all may learn to know what the differences are and what they stand for; and that all may respect them in order to cherish and preserve whatever is true and helpful, and to discover and grow out of whatever is harmful and false."

The first number contains an article by Wilfred Philip Ward, an eminent Roman Catholic publicist, on "Union Among Christians," who expresses the hope that real but at present unconscious points of agreement between Catholics and Protestants "will come more clearly to light under the growing influence of a common zeal against the revival of pagan ethics and the destruction of faith in the unseen which now threatens the modern world."

There is a message from the Russian Church by Archbishop Platon of the North American Ecclesiastical Consistory. He says concerning the idea of the Quarterly that "if it is seriously carried out it will enable members of various religious confessions to become acquainted with the peculiarities of others, which will lead to mutual understanding, to intimate intercourse, and thus will create common ground conditions under which or out of which will arise the possibility for all of us to talk about union in a serious way."

One of the most valuable articles is that by Dr. Shailer Mathews of the University of Chicago on "The Awakening of American Protestantism." He argues that American Protestantism, taken in the large, so far from being decadent is renascent." The real awakening he says is inward and is best seen through its rapid readjustment to the new conditions in the midst of which it finds itself.

Bishop McConnell of the Methodist Episcopal Church contributes a fine article on "The Significance of Conversion in the Thought of Today."

The Quarterly is published by George H. Doran Company of New York at $2.50 a year. As a journal of the faith, work and thought of Christendom, it is to be commended to all thoughtful men and women.

A NEW THING IN ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

The Continent says that they have the foregoing in Chicago. It is a new creed for the First Chinese Evangelical Church, subscribed to by representatives of the Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist, Baptist and Disciple bodies, each representative yielding some point of doctrine or government to form this organization.

"Into this church, which is now in process of formation, it is expected that there will be merged ten or a dozen Chinese missions and Sunday schools. Chinatown in Chicago, on account of the spread of business, has been forced to find a new location, and the Chinese residents have moved to the vicinity of 22d street and Archer avenue, on the south side of the city. In this new location it was felt desirable that a church be erected, and the Co-operative Council of City Missions, under whose direction all new religious enterprises of the city are handled, thought it unwise to confuse the Oriental mind with denominational distinctions. It is the usual policy of this advisory body to permit certain denominations to work in specified territories rather than to establish union churches of no denomination. In the case of the Chinese, among whom four denominations have been at work, it was thought best to alter this plan of religious strategy and establish a new church. A committee of five was appointed to draft a constitution and creed. This committee worked for parts of six months and has agreed on a statement of belief necessary for members of the Chinese church in which all denominations will assist. 'This church is founded on the fundamental truths of the gospel,' says the constitution. 'This church shall instruct its members from the Scriptures with regard to the fatherhood of God, the divinity and saving grace of Jesus Christ, the work of the Holy Spirit, the inspiration and authority of the Holy Scriptures, the sanctity of the Lord's day, baptism and the Lord's supper and the fundamental necessity of living daily with God's help, in harmony with the teachings of Jesus Christ.'

"Members are to be publicly received on the following confession: 'I believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and accept him as my Savior and guide.'

"The affairs of the church will be directly under the control of a board of management appointed by the co-operative council. The trustees of the church will have charge of the finances of the institution under the board of management.

"This new Chinese church will be unique not only in that it has a new creed. If present plans do not miscarry, a building will be erected around which religious and physical activities of the Chinese will center. The Y. M. C. A. will have charge of the physical and social part of the work and the newly formed church, with pastor, will supervise the spiritual side of the colony. This will make one of the strongest works for Chinese in any American city."

GROUNDS FOR BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY.

Opinions of Eminent Men.

(The Revs. Sidney Strong and H. C. Mason of the Queen Anne and University Congregational Churches of Seattle sent out a few weeks ago letters to prominent educators asking them to state the grounds for their belief in immortality. Friday evening of this week the replies will be read in services held in their churches in Seattle. We present them here to the readers of the Pacific.—Editor)

J. C. Zeller, President of University of Puget Sound:

I believe in the immortality of the soul because all things that exist express a purpose. The nature and history of soul development in this life is such that its highest mission must be to serve a purpose beyond this life. That spirit is not matter the scientist admits; and that matter is indestructible every scientist stoutly affirms. Certainly the soul is at least as indestructible and as eternal as matter. Matter continues even though it change its form. Why should my soul continue even thought it change its habitation? The eternal hope that continually springs up within the human heart, building a life beyond the grave, is not begotten of earth, but is spirit of the spirit that gave it. That I may be perfected in the quenchless power, grace and love of Him who upholds me now, in a life to come, is the sublimest thought that stirs my mind.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University of California:

He who has in this world lived in reasonable exercise of duty, sacrifice, and affection has no doubt that he has established and possesses permanent relations to the universe about him.

Edwin E. Sparks, President of Pennsylvania State College:

Within the realm of finite existence, certain fundamental laws must be recognized. To argue otherwise is to disavow existence itself. The most elemental of these laws may be stated in this manner: Everything created has a purpose. If a man has a purpose to serve, he must have an existence beyond death for which the present is a preparation. No purpose served during life would be sufficient warrant for his creation.

Added to this argument in the realm of reason is the mightier conviction deep-seated in every normal human consciousness which says "It must be so."

Charles. M. Melden, President of New Orleans University:

"Because I live ye shall live also."

My faith in my own immortality is based upon the resurrection of Jesus Christ. He has brought his immortality to light through the Gospel.

Henry Churchill King, President of Oberlin College:

My greatest grounds, I think, for belief in immortality are the whole spirit and atmosphere and quality of the life of Jesus. Everything connected with his life and teaching seems to have the quality of the eternal in it and to imply faith in the immortal life.

E. G. Lancaster, President of Olivet College:

My grounds for belief in immortality are entirely based on the study of psychology. I do not think the dogmatic teaching of the church is of any value in that relation aside from the fact that it gives the opinion of spiritual teachers. But the strongest teachers among the Jews did not believe in immortality and made fun of Jesus for his doctrine.

I so far find no evidence in spiritualistic phenomena and so-called messages from the other world. Everyone of them, I think, can be accounted for by mental telepathy. I do find in the now well-proven fact that the human mind reaches out beyond the body and receives messages from other minds, a basis for firm personal conviction that our minds exist independently of our bodies at the present time, and are only focused, so to speak, in our present existence, and therefore may easily exist without any connection with the body; and at times do even now. They therefore may exist through all eternity without the body; and under the law of the conservation of energy, I cannot believe that mind is destructible.

What is to become of the mind is altogether another problem. I believe there is very little evidence that mind is to maintain its individuality in the next life, although that is a very natural belief from the belief in its immortality.

The number of minds that in the course of time would be operative in the universe makes one think that possibly they will all be resolved into the Divine Mind and become a part of the great source of mind and life.

A. W. Harris, President of Northwestern University:

The inquiry of the book of Job, "If a man die, shall he life again?" is of eternal and paramount interest to all men. The three grounds for confidence in immortality which seem to me most important are these:

1. The scientific basis, found in the indestructibility of matter and force, which may change their form but cannot be annihilated. This gives little basis for the belief in the immortality of consciousness.

2. The universal basis, found in the imperative and universal hope of immortality.

3. The Christian basis, found in the resurrection of one who was dead and was alive again.

C. C. Creegan, President of Fargo College:

My grounds for belief in immortality briefly stated are as follows: First, the deep longing o fthe human heart for life beyond the grave, a longing which nothing can satisfy except the hope of immortality. Secondly, The impossibility of a satisfactory vindication of an all wise and benevolent God without the assumption that there is a life beyond the present one where wrongs will be righted, where suffering will end for the good and obedient, where there will be a chance to know as we are known and to take on more completely the image of our Lord and Master. Third, The words of Christ himself that he would prepare a place for his disciples makes it perfectly clear that he meant that all his followers who gave him loyal support would be with him in the mansions which he has gone to prepare for those who love Him.

A. R. Taylor, President of James Millikin University:

1. The universal belief of the race. 2. The theological demand of our mental and spiritual nature. 3. The plain teaching of the Holy Scriptures. 4. The only solution of the problems of the spirit.

G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University:

I think the strongest argument for belief in immortality

of the soul is the very widespread belief in it. Savages and civilized people alike appear to have a deep instinct that this life is not the end; and so strong and widespread is this belief that it would seem that the human soul were a lie if this were not true. Of course I know the argument that Buddhists and other Orientals believe in some form of absorption which is perilously near to annihilation and in longing for the great peace expect supreme felicity when the limits of personality drop off from them and they are absorbed in the absolute like a drop of water in the sea. Yet the fact that all over these lands in time of stress and strain, men, and especially women, instinctively pray to a higher power, and also bring wreaths and garlands of flowers to the graves of their friends, shows that despite their creed, there is a deeper unconscious belief. I pity the man who believes in immortality from any of the studies of modern psychic research or spiritism or imagines that he can actually get in communion with his friends by means of mediums, trances, etc.

Walter G. Clippinger, President of Otterbein University:

My arguments for immortality are the longing of my own soul, the analogies in nature in the perpetuation of life series and the universal opinion that it must be so as expressed in literature and especially in the Bible.

James H. Baker, President of the University of Colorado:

Somewhere and somehow in the nature of things is an ideal that made us as we are—an ideal that is adequate to our nature, need and conception. God at the beginning and God at the end of the natural world, and the world of consciousness seems a postulate that is necessary and warranted. Professor James writes of an old lady who believed that the world rests on a great rock, and that first rock rests on a rock; being urged further, she exclaimed that it was rocky all up and down. Unless we postulate a spiritual foundation of things that is self-active and rational, we are no better off than the old lady. This appears to be a rational world, for it is a world that makes science possible; we believe it has a rational Creator.

We commonly account for our ideals as contructed in a simple, mechanical way; but the explanation will fail to satisfy the mind of artist or saint in his exalted moments when he has visions of perfection. He must conceive of a Being who possesses the attributes of perfect beauty and goodness. Belief in God consecrates man's endeavor to attain the highest standards. Without God the world has not a home-seeming for man. As in the dream in Virgil, always he seems to be left alone, always to be going on a long journey in a desert land, unattended.

Joseph L. Garwin, President of William Woods College:

"My Ground for Belief in Immortality"! I have lost my theological vocabulary and can not express my religious convictions in other than terms of human experiences and there is burning within me that flame which makes me conscious of the altar of my God. This world has become full of beauties and its melodious harmonies are to me a foretaste of an indescribable future. I love humanity for what I feel they feel and dream and hope. I am glad to live, but I wish I could lose my life still more in a very definite service. I might argue what I know; I can not explain it, but I am just as certain this moment of a future life in which I will not be different than at present and yet much freer in action, much more vigorous in thought, and much more likeable in spirit.

May God bless all who have these same convictions and let his mercy rest upon those who have them not.

Emory W. Hunt, President of Dennison University:

The most solid grounds for belief in immortality for me are found in the life and promise of Jesus Christ.

James G. K. McClure, President of McCormick Theological Seminary:

It is exceedingly difficult to express in a brief statement my grounds for belief in immortality.

My **hope** of it is based upon the fact that in my highest moments, I anticipate immortality with the greatest joy and the noblest purpose.

My **faith** in it is based upon Jesus Christ who always seems to have it, assuring His disciples that if it were not so He would have told them, explaining his death as a preparation of future blessedness for them, and confirming His teaching of immortality by His own resurrection.

Christ reveals such a God as in my judgment would cause us to expect immortality.

John S. Nollen, President of Lake Forest College:

The grounds for belief in Immortality are:

1. The fact of the Resurrection. 2. Faith in the conservation of spiritual energy. 3. The confident hope of being united again with those whom I have loved and who have "gone before."

Stephen B. L. Penrose, President of Whitman College:

First, Philosophical. The value of personality is so great and its essential character so timeless that its real existence out of time or for practical purposes continuously seems thoroughly rational. Science can interpose no valid objection to this general proposition.

Second, Historical. The teaching of Jesus; but above all the historic fact of his resurrection is the real ground for my confident belief in immortality. This historic event, whose influence on the life of subsequent ages cannot be estimated, translates my belief in immortality from the realm of philosophic belief to that of religious conviction and practical working creed.

Eugene A. Noble, President of Dickinson College:

First, because I believe in the persistence of life. Secondly, because the highest form of life known to me is self-conscious life. Thirdly, because the testimony of history to the truth of the teachings of Jesus is the strongest testimoney that can be presented to the human reason, and no part of that testimony was more clearly stated or more emphatically endorsed, by the greatest miracle on record, than his resurrection from the dead and continued life after death. There are other grounds for the belief—the universality of hope in connection with human experience, the ineradicable concept that such ideals as ideal justice, practically unrealisable on the earth, must be realized somewhere, etc.

David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford University:

FROM "SINALOA"

And so at last, it may be you and I
In some far azure of Infinity
Shall find together some enchanted shore
Where life and Death and Time shall be no more
Leaving Love only and Eternity.
When each concession Time from Life has wrung
Like outworn garments from the soul be flung
And it shall stand erect, no longer bent,
Slave to the lash of Life's environment.
Even this great world of ours may shrink at last
To some bare Isle Blanca of the past

A rock unnoticed in the mighty sea
Whose solemn pulse beat marks eternity.

William F. Slocum, President of Colorado College:

There are two things which have made that truth more real to me than anything else. The first and the most far-reaching is the personal hold which certain individuals have had upon me, who have passed into the other life. Especially is this true of my father, whose life I can never think of as having an end. Of course, that feeling is based upon the same conviction that one has in regard to Jesus, who "brought to life" this truth by the passing on of himself into the other world.

The second thing that impresses me strongly is the position taken in Kantian philosophy, where this distinguished thinker believes that what he calls the categorical imperative, the sense of absolute obligation upon people to be perfect, requires eternity for that perfection. This seems to me to be an eternal process, and we can can never escape the feeling that we ought to be perfect.

Charles W. Dabney, President of University of Cincinnati:

The education of man is never complete. There is always more to learn, to love, to do. Our ideals flee from us as we pursue them. Truth, beauty, and goodness are infiinite and eternal, and are waiting to be known, loved, and realized by the intellect and heart of man. Because he loves truth and beauty, and pursues ideals and hopes so universally and unceasingly, we must believe in his continuous progress. The process of education proves that man is capable of infinite development. This is a basis of our hope of immortality.

But why is man immortal? To what end has he an undying mind, capable of infinite development? Service, we found, is the ultimate end of education. As it has been in time, so we believe it will be in eternity. As we are being educated for service here, so we shall be educated for a higher service in the hereafter.

Harry P. Judson, President of the University of Chicago:

One's own attitude towards so great a subject as that of the immortality of the soul can have little weight with others. Each individual person, it seems to me, must work out his own conclusions. So far as I am concerned my grounds for my personal belief in immortality are substantially as follows:

I cannot help believing that back of all the infinite phenomena of the universe as we see them, there is a power and an intelligence. This we call God.

I cannot believe that the phenomena of life as we know them, which must flow from this final intellectual power are complete in themselves. If life ends with the death of the body that life must be broken.

Such incompleteness of life as would be implied by its ending with the death of the body does not seem to me consistent with the wisdom which must be inherent in the nature of God.

I believe, therefore, that the completeness of life will be worked out in an existence beyond the dissolution of the body.

Julia H. Gulliver, President of Rockford College:

God is, and God is good. This is the only hypothesis that I have ever discovered that makes sense of the universe. I see no more reason for selecting a hypothesis that is going to transform the universe, as a whole, into an unthinkable chaos than to use an unreasonable and impracticable hypothesis in any one of the sciences. The injustices of this present life and the economic wastes in evolving character at the expense of such terrible risks and of so much suffering, only to snuff it out at the termination of this brief human span, are such that they would, in my opinion, militate not only against a good God, but also against an intelligent one. Hence, my belief in immortality, so far from being merely a hope, is axiomatic in character, if God is at all.

Almon Gunnison, President of Lawrence University:

To me the largest evidence of the certanty of Immortality is the fact that you shall find no race nor tribe at any period of history which has not had some dim consciousness of a continuance of life. We cannot reason ourselves out of this hope, this belief, this certainty. "It is the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Is it reasonable to assume that God, who has created no hunger for which he has not provided food, would make this universal desire? This unquenched yearning, craving for immortality, only to mock it with the pitiable mockery of ashes to ashes and dust to dust? Human love does not end with death. In his economy there is no waste. Would he permit such waste as to permit us to live and learn for 20, 0, 90 years, giving us the costly tulelage of pain and sorrow, love and sacrifices,and then when we had just learned how to live—end it all in the pitiless waste of nothingness? Christ did not create the hope of immortality; he confirmed it. He brought life and immortality to light. That which was dim he made clear: that which was an instinctive hope he made a certainty, telling us by his resurrection that as he lived, because he was the son of man and the Son of God, so we should live also!

Frank W. Gunsaulus, President of Armour Institute of Technology:

The Law of Resurrection.

Sweet time of joy and pain;
Yet pain is first. Again and evermore again
Comes Springtime, Nature's Easter, and the dream of love,
Through shattered seed and breast of mourning dove
And through the ache of o'erwrought brain, or stress of soul.
Fom lowest slimy germ, sunwarmed, to spirits past control
Of laws less great than God's own Ministers of light,
A full-orbed Easter moves within, Good Friday's scentless night,
The track of peace white-footed runs through anguished bud
And men. Joy's rose is bloom from sacrificial blood.
My soul! that I would e'er forbid the wind-blown past
To fall within the present rapture fading fast!
The life of all is one—
The light of waning stars or rising sun.
A slanting beam of light in winter's treasure fire;
And truth's best blossom or the soul's desire
Is out-poured splendor from the past revealed.

Within December lies a June concealed,
And June comes flowering slowly on
With bloom of sky and earth, or white and red,
In April's growing dawn.

O Easter Morn,
Thou hidest evermore at Calvaries; at Joseph's grave art born,
O risen Christ, that I can ever doubt thee after this—

Thy face atremble yet with scars of Judas' kiss!
E'en when thou speakest with the Marys here
The shadow lingers and thy cerements appear.

Louis Edward Holden, President of University of Wooster:

My grounds for "My Belief in Immortality" are, that I believe in God. The belief in immortality seems to follow as a natural sequence. The outcome of a world which is the realization of the will of God must be either immortality for beings who are made in His image, or something better. What better can there be that does not involve immortal life? "God is not a God of the dead, but of the living." The existence of God carries with it the existence of those who have lived for His service.

It does not seem conceivable that in a universe in which no particle of matter is ever lost, such a great and beneficent force as exists in a human being of pure and righteous character, can perish. If the world is rational and therefore a moral system, it cannot be that this, the most precious thing we know of, character built up and matured in goodness through all the trials of life, should pass away and be lost forever. "The world passeth away and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God, abideth forever." He has become a part of the divine life.

Wm. G. Frost, President of Berea College:

I do not often canvass the grounds for my deep beliefs, as my belief in my present existence, or the fidelity of friends, or the validity of the law of love, and like fundamental beliefs.

My conviction that I shall live forever has its basis in the great fact that it fits into all the affirmations of consciousness and the harmony of the universe.

Jesus Christ was the truth and the life. I believe in Him without altogether understanding Him, and what he said about the mysterious future I believe he knew to be true in a way that I cannot know it.

And all the grounds for doubt are like those weak questionings which make us doubt any coming event. We do not realize that there will be a spring next May, that there will be heat next August, but we know these things await us, and just as surely all the other scenes of an endless unfolding await us. "We shall be satisfied when we awake in his likeness."

W. F. Blackman, President of Rollins College:

My belief in a blessed immortality grows stronger with the passing years. It is based upon a multitude of considerations which converge to this one point, and have cumulative and satisfying effect. But the two reasons which are strongest with me are these:

1. "I believe in God, the Father Almighty"; a necessary corollary of this belief is an eternal life for His children. I cannot conceive that any father, earthly or heavenly, could consent to the extinction of his child, unless the child's character were such that extinction would be a boon to him.

2. I believe "in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord." I believe in his supreme insight into truth, and I believe in his veracity; to deny immortality is to say that Jesus was wholly mistaken with regard to the most fundamental and ultimate matter of human concern, or else that he deliberately deceived us. But these two things are to me inconceivable, without destroying the entire basis and texture of my faith in anything or anybody.

RAIN AFTER FROST.

W. N. Burr.

Swish! came the raindrops against the window-pane, with a light breeze romping behind them. It was music to our ears—that impact of rain against glass. Soon the eaves were dripping heavily—more music! The symphony was on full sweep. But it was no "song without words." In from the demonstration out of doors seemed to float the voices of a great choir singing an old, half-forgotten hymn:

"Light after darkness,
Gain after loss,
Strength after weakness,
Crown after cross,
Sweet after bitter,
Hope after fears,
Home after wandering,
Praise after tears."

We added a refrain of our own—three words only, in rhythmic repetition:

Rain after frost,
Rain after frost,
Rain after frost,
Rain after frost.

The welcome downpour was already washing away some of the mental unrest that the frost had left in its train.

Now, it may be regarded as profitless business, perhaps, for a man in a somewhat devastated district to be spending time with the poets when all sorts of intricate practical problems are rioting through the brains of his practical neighbors who have been hard hit by the frost, and are trying to make up their minds just what to do about it. But when the poets come in and deliberately sit themselves down at one's fireside and force themselves upon one; while the rain is coming down just heavily enough to soak well into the ground and do more in a minute for the relief of the wounded than any number of men, with all their practical ideas, could do in long periods of time —longer than this interminable sentence with which I am just now having a tussle—what is a fellow to do? Poets are not the sort of people to be handled roughly, one cannot "forcibly eject" them, and who wants to do so anyway? When the real ones come along almost any man might well feel proud to be entertaining them. They do not stoy at Everyman's house, so he who finds them alighting at his inn, ready to partake of his cakes and ale, may well feel honored.

Longfellow, with his back to my rain-spattered windows, and rubbing his thin hands before my glowing grate, began a dirgelike song:

"The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary."

"Now, see here, Mr. Longfellow, would you just as soon cut that out?" I asked, bluntly. "We had about all we

can stand of the dumps during the days immediately following the frost. This is different—this **rain.** The day is **not,** cold and dark and dreary. It's a bit chilly without a little fire, but it isn't dark and dreary at all. It's glorious, it's splendid, it is one of the most beautiful days we have had for weeks. This rain is just soaking dollars into the soil, and they will be taking root and springing up, and one of these days they'll be bearing fruit an hundred fold, all because of this rain. Can't you give us something a little more fitting than that dreary **old 'Rainy Day'** of yours? That was a back-East rainy day, anyway, and not at all like **ours."**

"All right," said Mr. Longfellow, with a twinkle in his serious old eye, "I'll give you a chunk cut from 'Rain in Summer.' "

"But this is not summer," I ventured to suggest, "it's winter—a California winter with its gentle rain, its seedtime, and its carpet of green just ready to spread itself all over the country as soon as this downpour is over and our sunshine strikes the earth again."

"A back-East summer shower, then, is just the thing for your mild California winter," quoth the great poet wisely; and he began to sing:

"How beautiful is the rain!
Across the windowpane
It pours and pours:
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rani!
. . . . . .
"Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his thrift and gain."

"Henry Wadsworth," spoke up Walt Whitman from his chair near the big window, "whatever made you write those last three lines? I rather like the tipsyness of your 'Rain in Summer,' but I never could understand why you want to slander the farmer by picturing him as a great selfish hog caring only for his own thrift and gain."

"Walt" had taken off his coat and was sitting in his shirt-sleeves. My fire was a little too warm for him.

"Now, listen," he continued. "Let me set you right on this farmer business;" and tilting back in his chair, with his hands in his pockets, the "Leaves of Grass" man sang:

"Oh the farmer's joys!
Ohioan's, Illinoisian's, Wisconsinese', Kanadian's, Iowan's,
Kansian's, Missourian's, Oregonese' joys,
To rise at peep of day, and pass forth nimbly to work,
To plow land in the fall for winter-sown crops,
To plow land in the spring for maize,
To train orchards—to graft the trees—to gather apples in
the fall."

"That's all right, Mr. Whitman," I commented, **"only—** why didn't you work in the California farmer shoulder to shoulder with your Missourians and your Oregonese, and all the rest?"

"I mistook your almost everlasting sunshine for a blaze of halos, and I was afraid your glorified California farmers might hurt the feelings of the other fellows by contrast," replied the erratic Whitman. "You know 'What is commonest, cheapest, nearest, easiest, is Me!' " and he refused to say another word.

Lowell, standing beside another window, looking out, was singing to himself something about "Remembered Music." But he did not seem to be remembering it very well. The notes of it were bothering him, for I heard him going on something like this:

"And then, like minute-drops of rain
Ringing in water silvery,
They lingering dropped and dropped again
Till it was almost like a pain
To listen when the next would be."

"I sympathize with you, James," remarked William C. Bryant, going over to the window and throwing his arms across the shoulders of his brother bard, "for

Who is not awed that listens to the Rain,
Sending his voice before him? Mighty Rain!
The upland steeps are shrouded by the mists;
Thy shadow fills the hollow vale; the pools
No longer glimmer, and the silvery streams
Darken to veins of lead at thy approach.
O mighty Rain! already thou art here;
And every roof is beaten by thy streams,
And, as thou passest, every glassy spring
Grows rough, and every leaf in all the woods
Is struck, and quivers. All the hilltops slake
Their thirst from thee; a thousand languishing fields,
A thousand fainting gardens, are refreshed;
A thousand idle rivulets start to speed,
And with the graver murmur of the storm
Blend their light voices as they hurry on."

"Glory be, that after the Frost came the Rain," said I, as I ushered my guests out to a smoking dinner. "In spite of the Frost, gentlemen, we still have bread and to spare; and this Rain assures us of plenty for many months to come."

La Canada, California.

MORE MEDIEVAL HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

The Dashaways.

On the first day of January, 1859, five drunken firemen, of the San Francisco fire department, who had been on a drunk since Christmas day, held a serious confab. They said, "What is to be the end of this? We are drinking up all our wages, ruining our health, and getting ready for the poor house, prison, and perhaps the gallows. Let us stop it." And stop it they did. They drew up and signed a pledge to drink no more liquor for six months, and called their society "The Dashaways," as those who would dash away intoxicating drinks. These at once, with burning zeal, began to persuade their fellow firemen to join their society. The movement spread like wildfire. I think a majority of all the city firemen, with Frank

Whitney, the chief engineer, at their head, became members and temperance missionaries. Their pledge was limited to **drinking** liquor. They might buy, or sell, or make it, but they would not drink it. Afterwards, when they enlarged their field of work, and gathered in thousands of members who were not firemen, many amusing scenes occurred. A tippler would invite the bartender to drink with him, only to get the answer, "No, I do not drink; I am a Dashaway." "You sell it, and yet will not dring it?" "Yes, I am pledged not to drink." This was before the day when saloonkeepers advertised for non-drinking bartenders.

One result of this movement was the saving by firemen alone of more than five hundred dollars a day. Another that hundreds of families became healthier, happier and better provided for. Not all the firemen had families of their own, but as a result of this reform, many more secured this blessing. Another result was the closing of a number of saloons, and the failure, soon after, of two wholesale liquor stores, was charged to it.

But the sellers comforted themselves with the assurance, "Well, even if they keep their pledge the six months will soon be out, and then they will drink more than before." But they were mistaken. Very few of them broke the pledge and those who did were crowded out of the fire department, and soon the department became a model for other cities. Their fire work was fine and all the papers praised and lauded its course. The Dashaways were the most popular institution of the city, and their aid and influence was sought by other temperance organizations. When I organized a temperance society for seamen, I sought their aid. They wanted the word "Dashaway" in our name, but I had little confidence in their continuance, and refused permission. Ours was "The Marine Temperance Society," and we secured the names of more than five thousand, mostly sailors, and carried on our work successfully long after the Dashaways were dead.

One of their rules was that neither politics nor religion should be allowed in their meetings. But after a while they learned their need of the countenance and aid of religious people. I was sometimes invited to address them, and as I would make no address with Christ left out, they had to bear with me, and did so without calling me to order. Many of them needed and sought better things than mere reform.

They also found their need and enlarged their work. They raised much money and provided a home for inebriates, where a great number of rum's victims were restored to health and taught to be sober men. Some physicians cared for patients in this home, without charge for their services. I am sorry to have to add that, years after, when the Dashaways had become few and scattered, the small band in control sold this property and divided the proceeds among themselves, an illegal and disgraceful deed, almost enough to wake Frank Whitney's ghost, but it was no one's business to interfere and the thieves went scot free.

Like the old Washingtonian temperance movement, this enterprise made a great stir and had wide influence, but the glamour faded gradually, the original promoters died or moved away, and the movement from which good temperance people hoped for final victory died out and was forgotten. The foes of the liquor traffic had not then learned, what they are now fast finding out, that all non-partisan effrots to kill this foe to all good must fail, as they ever have failed. Like rockets, they start out with great display and promise, only to come down, dead sticks, at last.

CONCERNING CHILD LABOR.

To the Editor of the Pacific:

At the risk of boring some of your readers I want to say a word as to the manner in which my recent articles on social conditions have been received. I have had for them numerous encomiums from all sorts of people; but the thing which interests me most is the fact that **all my critics** seem to be obsessed with the nightmare of "Child labor". And the fact that I exalted the spiritual above the material, my picture of conditions forty years ago, my statements concerning the natural flow of money into efficient hands, that the fundamental fact in economics is that there is no other cost but labor in the "Cost of Living", that Labor Unions have done no more than attempt to regulate the genius of other mens brains, that ignorant regulation which is now so popular will ultimately wreck our industries, that wage whether high or low must be paid by all the people, all this seems to have been swallowed up in this obsession concerning Child Labor.

The immediate object of this article is, however, to place before your readers some of the conclusions of Miss Julia Magruder who made one of the most unbiased studies of the Child Labor problem that has ever been made in this country. I consider the removal by death of Miss Magruder one of the most unfortunate occurences in recent years, for we need more than anything else in these days unpaid students who can approach these subjects with open and practical mind, both of which Miss Magruder evidently had. She writes "after twenty years of study of the question from a near point of view" and says of the authors of "The Woman who Toils": by going over them in a balloon, it would have been quite as accurate, and a great deal less misleading to the public." Criticising Miss Van Vort's comparison of the Child in the mill with the daughter of Carnegie, she says "Leads me to ask that a comparison be made of the mental, moral and physical conditions of the children now working in the cotton mills with the lot of the same children without the opportunity and performance of this work" * * * * The alternative presented to these particular children is to live in dilapidated houses, wear wretched clothing and eat food which is inadequate in quantity and abominable in quality, and to have the constant association of other children in whom poverty and idleness have fostered vice, exactly as they would do in themselves, children in fact to whom the lowest specimens of mill hands are superior in every respect. Here however I am able to declare, from long personal observation, that the elevating and civilizing which they now enjoy, I say the same" The writer of this south is not to be questioned by any fair minded and intelligent man or woman, who will take the pains to secure information, by personal inspection regarding the conditions as they exist to-day."

After discussing the conditions prevailing, the unkempt dirtness of parents and children alike, the stolid hopelessness of the family before the advent of the mill, with the stimulating effect of the occupation and education which has followed the mill, and suggesting that in cases where the parents will not work that the opportunity and work for the children of these homes is the only chance to enter

into a larger and more self respecting life, She says: "If the violent opposers of any sort of child labor in the mills could see, as I have seen, the tremendous advance in the minds, the physical health and the worldly possessions of the children to whom the factories have given a chance of mental development, manual training, and moral instruction—to say nothing of the bodily gain which is the result of good and sufficient food and clothing—they must perforce accept the idea that, to some extent, the end has justified the means.

Further on she says: "Looked at broadly, the improvement of the poor white people of the South since factories became common here is one of the most encouraging and cheering things on the horizon of our social life. Speaking of the education of the mill she says: "What they can and do learn in the mills, however—and this learning is compulsory and not to be shirked—is to be clean in their dress, decent in their language, orderly and punctual in their habits, and how to use their mental and physical faculties."

Quoting from Herbert Spencer who said, "When an evil is at its worst nobody pays any attention to it; when it is waning the public pricks up it ears, and when it is almost gone, everybody wants to rise up and legislate it out of existence," she adds: "Having seen with my own eyes the improvements wrought in the conditions of child laborers and the great privileges of education and advancement which they now enjoy, I say the same. The writer of this article says the same.

I regret that the whole of this article cannot be printed in the Pacific, I feel that I have not done justice to Miss Magruder and so I am going to have her whole article put in pamphlet form and I will send it to anyone who wishes to have the conclusions of a trained mind that has spent more than a score of years in conscientious study of a world problem.

'Compare this with the vealy utterances of social workers in the last few years; of that one who pictured the child of four years of age working from seven in the morning until ten at night—a statement which insults the intelligence of the members of Congress who listened to it and of every human being who read it in the daily press. I want to add that the results as pictured by Miss Magruder are the normal and logical results of a compliance with the fundamental conditions of human existence, and no amount of theory or legislation will ever change these conditions. Work is the stimulus of all of the faculties; it is essential to our physical, mental and moral, development. To be idle, to work short hours to cater to our amusements, is to deterioate and degenerate. Finally, man is not so constructed that he will develop in idleness, or, (in no more instances than to prove the rule) suffer from over-work. The men that have impressed themselves on the world, who have achieved the great things in life, have been in every instance men of tireless energy and unceasing work.

I. H. MORSE.

PERSONAL NOTICES.

The Weekly Rest-Day League of California urges all pastors and members to write to their state senator and assemblyman at Sacramento, to support the bill for closing saloons on Sundays and all legal holidays. Do it for the sake of San Francisco during the Panama Fair. Pastors will please announce it in all their meetings. This is an urgent call.

Among the Churches.

San Francisco, Park.—The Comfort Guild, an organization of about thirty young ladies, directed by the pastor's wife in a work for the good of the church and the help of the sick and poor, recently cleared over eighty dollars from a musical festival at the church.

Grass Valley.—This church, of which Rev. Ben T. Sargent is pastor, received four on confession of Christ at the Easter communion. The Sunday-school averaged over 150 during last month, 170 being the high-water mark. Their Endeavor work is also very prosperous, having fifty members in their Intermediate and 42 in their Junior Society.

Woodland, C. M. Streeter, Pastor.—The work of the church is encouraging in all of its aspects. We are making progress that we have reason to believe will be lasting. The Sunday-school has gone from 23 of last year to 60, and continues to increase. Morning congregations are the largest in average attendance for years, though this is nothing great. Passion Week services are to be held, the pastors of the city assisting, together with Rev. A. B. Patten of Sacramento for one service. We entertain the Yolo County Sunday-school Association, April 8th and 9th, and the Sacramento Valley Association of Congregational Churches the first week in May. A splendid movement is on for a moral, civic, Christian uplift of Woodland under the name of the "United Christian Men of Woodland."

Pasadena First.—Dr. A. W. Archibald of Boston, Mass., preached at both services March 9th. On this date also the Bible School reached its aim for a membership of 500, the attendance reaching nearly 350. On Palm Sunday the younger children of the school marched into the church service carrying palms, and stood before the pulpit for a few words from the pastor, who read to them the account of the first Palm Sunday.—First Church now has a vested choir, the vestments being used for the first time at the vesper service last Sunday, when the choir rendered the cantata, "The Seven Last Words of Jesus on the Cross." This impressive rendition was repeated on the evening of Good Friday.—At the March meeting of the Woman's Societies a tender memorial service was held for Mrs. W. L. Kinney, whose passing into the life eternal on March 4th brought a sense of personal bereavement to the whole church. For fourteen years Mrs. Kinney has been one of the most active and loyal women of the church, and her wise judgment, her keen discernment and her gracious work in calling upon and welcoming strangers, will be sorely missed. Following an impressive custom introduced by Dr. Fox upon his coming to us three years ago, a memorial song was sung for Mrs. Kinney at the Sunday morning service following her decease. L. M. A.

THE EVANGELISTIC METINGS AMONG THE CHINESE.

The series of Union Evangelistic Meetings held for the Chinese of San Francisco was closed, and crowned by a

really magnificient testimony service held at the Baptist Mission on last Sunday evening. There were sixteen services held during the eight days, two at each of the eight missions, those in the afternoons at the smaller mission houses and those in the evenings at the larger ones: in every instance the rooms were filled, generally to their utmost capacity. Street meetings were also held. The closest Christian fellowship existed throughout. Both in the preparatory meetings and in the other, every vote taken was unanimous. It seemed throughout that each was seeking the others' good. One Sunday evening thirty four testimonies were given six of them by ladies and twice that number apparently would have been given, had not several in the earnestness of their spirits, extended the testimony into an address and consumed time which belonged to others. I have no accurate knowledge as to the number of professed conversions. Perhaps no account will be rendered except in the church on high, but judging from the number of cards sent in to our own mission, I think that it cannot be less, for the whole, than 150. W. C. P.

THE UNION OF PARK AND SUNSET CHURCHES.

The union of the Park and the Sunset Congregational churches of San Francisco was perfected at a congregational meeting held last week. And plans are being made to secure a lot immediately and erect a new church building as soon as practical.

The union practically includes three churches, inasmuch as the San Francisco Congregational Church Extension Society recently voted to use the proceeds of the sale of the Mayflower property on Pierce street to help out in the united effort. The Park and the Sunset churches are apt not many blocks apart. And both of them have been handicapped and have had a difficult struggle, but can now look forward to a brighter day. The Mayflower church, the property of which was purchased from the proceeds of a lot on Devisadero street given by Deacon Stephen Smith to the Park church, has never found it possible to develop a work that warranted a permanent church organization, owing to its location and the character of the community.

The Methodists, who have a chapel a block from the old Mayflower chapel, are endeavoring to run a Sunday school, and the few children that are in the Mayflower Sunday school will be taken care of in a union school meeting in the Methodist chapel. This disposition of the Mayflower property and Sunday school met with the approval not only of the Extension Society but also of Major Augustus Smith, executor of the estate of the late Deacon Smith, who was greatly interested in the smaller churches of the city. The Mayflower work has no church membership role outside of three adults, two of whom are planning to leave that part of the city.

The location of the united church and its name has not yet been decided upon. The union of the churches will result in a much stronger membership and the location of a work in a promising residence section; and will help to solve a financial problem, making it possible to lift a mortgage and put up an equipment that will at least be able to do effective community work in its part of the city. Rev. H. W. Rogers, who has been preaching at Park church recently, will be the pastor of the united church.

THE REVEREND B. F. BOLLER ENTERS ON AN IMPORTANT WORK.

The Rev. B. F. Boller has accepted the appointment, under Judge Wilbur of Los Angeles, as Probation Officer and Superintendent of the new Detention Home for Boys and Girls. It will be in line with work that he had as Chaplain and Superintendent of Schools of the Illinois State Reformatory, and appeals to him very strongly as a great opportunity for doing good. It is also in line with special studies that he has been pursuing and he is naturally much rejoiced in this chance for making his life count for the most to those who are in special need of help and sympathy. Mrs. Boller will be with him heart and soul in the work of mothering the unfortunate and wayward just at the most-needed time.

LECTURES BY SHAILER MATHEWS.

The Earle lectures at Pacific Theological Seminary will be given this year by Dr. Shailer Mathews of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. They will be on "Social Aspects of Doctrine." Topics as follows: The Social Origin of Christianity; How the Social Mind Thinks its Religion; The Social History of the Doctrine of God; The Loss and the Recovery of the Christ; The Atonement in Doctrine and in Life; Salvation, Social and Individual. Dates March 25, 27, 28, and April 1, 3, 4.

Lectures will be in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley.

MEETING OF MISSIONARY ORGANIZATIONS.

The Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will hold its semi-annual meeting in the First Congregational church of Los Angeles on the 3rd and 4th of April. Entertainment will be given by the churches of Los Angeles, and a large attendance is hoped for.

On the 2nd of April the Woman's Home Missionary Union of Southern California will hold its meeting at the same place.

ANNUAL OUTDOOR MEETING.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will hold their annual out-door meeting in Mill Valley next Monday. This is for minsters and members of their families. The boat to take is the 9:45 one for Sausalito. Take your basket lunch and enjoy what always proves one of the most enjoyable outings of the year!

CHARLES SELWYN RICH.

On Tuesday, March 11, Rev. Chas. Selwyn Rich died at his home at Claremont, California. Mr. Rich, who was born in 1870 in Portland, Maine, and graduated from Bowdoin College with honors in 1892, and from Andover Seminary in 1895, came to California in 1901 from a successful pastorate of six years in Stockbridge, Mass., where he occupied the pulpit in which Jonathan Edwards once was at home.

While Mr. Rich's health made it impossible for him to undertake active work in California, he was always deeply interested in all that concerned the church's best interests. He leaves a wide circle of friends, not only in Claremont, but in all Southern California.

WASHINGTON.

Seattle, Plymouth.—Sixteen persons were received on the first Sunday of March, five on confession.

Walla Walla—Booker T. Washington gave his famous lecture on the development and needs of the Tuskegee Normal Industrial Institute, under the auspices of Whitman College, at the White Temple Baptist Church, Walla Walla recently. He was greeted with a large and enthusiastic audience, and succeeded in his purpose, which was to develop in this section of the Northwest interest and support for the wonderful work which is being done for the Negro race at Tuskegee.

AN EVANGELISTIC CAMPAIGN IN SEATTLE.

Four hundred men sat down to dinner on the evening of March 12th at the First Presbyterian Church to enjoy Christian fellowship and to listen to plans that have been perfected for a two weeks' evangelistic campaign, from March 17th, to the 28th, to be held in Plymouth church. This is a Unity Campaign, in which the First Baptist, First Methodist, First Presbyterian and Plymouth Congregational churches join hands in a united effort.

The singing will be led by Rev. Ralph Atkinson, assisted by the Plymouth choir of sixty voices. The services will be unique in that no one will know ahead of time who is to preach any evening. The campaign really begins on Sunday night, when the four pastors exchange pulpits. At these services also no previous announcement will be made as to which pastor will occupy the respective pulpits.

At the meeting on Tuesday night of the united brotherhoods the men pledged themselves to hearty support of these meetings. Stirring addresses were made by the presidents of the four clubs, and W. H. Lewis, Dr. Van Horn and Dr. Leonard. We are praying for a great outpouring of God's spirit upon these meetings. L. E. S.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

The subjects of the last meeting of the Spokane Ministers' Alliance were Missionary Methods, and the Bureau of Ministerial Supply. A feeling prevails that the work has not progressed satisfactorily during recent years in this region and that some new methods should be adopted. There is also a tendency to emphasize the importance of the bureau mentioned. The matter will be freely discussed at the meeting of the Association to meet at Pullman April 8th and 9th. The new Congregationalism is not looked upon with favor by many in this region. They feel like saying, with Dr. G. A. Gordon, in The Congregationalist, "The Lord deliver us." The Alliance adopted resolutions commendatory of the work of Dr. E. L. House, which did not get into the hands of the writer.

Westminster Church, Spokane, has called Rev. J. W. Johnson, Baptist, who has been acting as supply since the departure of Dr. House. He is a choice preacher and fine scholar, and has recently been appointed to a professorship in the Pacific Baptist Seminary at Berkeley, Cal.

The churches in charge of Rev. D. E. Wilson, as superintendent of extension work, are making wholesome progress. There were 14 added to the church at Vera on a recent Sunday, and more are expected on Easter. A church is to be organized at Pasadena in the near future, there being 19 on the charter roll already. The Columbia church has nearly $1,000 on hand for a new church building.

The Corbin Park Church, Rev. Mr. Winters, pastor, has been helped very much, the pastor says, by the Stephens meetings. There were 35 added to the church on a recent Sunday, and the members have been revived.

The Hillyard church, under the ministry of Rev. J. L. Keene, is enjoying a season of quiet revival, several having accepted Christ as their Savior in the regular meetings, and one whole Sunday class being hopefully converted and received into the church. It is hoped that the Stephens brothers' meetings, now held in a temporary tabernacle, will prove a great blessing to this and the other churches in Hillyard. The writer preached the first sermon in Hillyard nearly twenty years ago, and participated with Rev. E. J. Singer, in organizing the first Sunday-school, and was also instrumental in erecting the first church building in the town. Now there are eight church organizations in the town and a well-equipped Y. M. C. A. Building.

Rev. Mr. Abbott reports additions to the church at Loon Lake.

The work at Lamont is progressing nicely under the ministry of Rev. H. E. Hunt, formerly of Medical Lake. He has a very successful adult Bible class.

Booker T. Washington was at Spokane over Sunday and Monday and delivered several addresses, some to large audiences. He was banqueted by the Chamber of Commerce on Monday noon, but the writer failed to hear him.

Rev. W. D. Eddy has closed his labors with the Newman Lake and Ottis Orchard churches, and is now circulation agent of the "Inter-church Forum," published at Spokane.

Rev. J. Edwards will close his labors at Sprague at the end of seven years' ministry, May 1st. IOWERTH.

The Home.

The stars shine over the earth,
The stars shine over the sea;
The stars look up to the mighty God,
The stars look down on me.
The stars have lived a million years,
A million years and a day;
But God and I shall love and live
When the stars have passed away.

RISKS AS COURAGE MAKERS.

One of the greatest blessings that a child can have is a spirit of courage. There is a large natural difference in children in this respect. Some are born fearless, others from the beginning are timid and overcautious. Much may be done by good training to keep the first from being reckless and the second from being controlled by fear. Any grown person who is under the domination of fear, either constant or recurrent with certain circumstances, knows the torture of it, and how difficult it is to throw it off after it becomes a habit.

The tendency of maternal love is to be overcareful. Since the baby or the little child does not yet know what is harmful, the mother guards it at all points, and unwittingly teaches it fear. Better sometimes to let the little one find out for himself what will hurt, for the lesson of experience is not readily forgotten. "A burnt child fears the fire." Of course no mother will let her child come to real harm, but the toddler who has touched the stove with a finger tip just

by way of experiment has from that time on a better safeguard from burns than any warning—experience.

One of the most tormenting of terrors is the fear of lightning. Hundreds of persons lose half the enjoyment of the beautiful summer because of their dread of thunder storms. Is it advisable for a mother to let her children play on open porches or in exposed places during violent storms? Probably not, yet it may be said unhesitatingly that even this is wiser than to have them inoculated with fear. There are other ways of handling the situation, however. The mother can quietly explain that it is best for the children to play inside and encourage the play to go on there. Occupation and interest will keep the children quite unconscious that anything unusual is transpiring outside. Or if the storm is so violent that it claims attention, she can teach them to look with admiration on the electrical display, telling them meanwhile about our heavenly Father's control of the elements, and his loving care.

When children cease to be babies they are often inspired by physical daring. The mother's careful guidance is very necessary here. She wants her boy to have courage; quite as strongly, she does not want him to be reckless. An excellent illustration of good management is a story from a recent book of an English mother's handling of her boy. English boys are trained to hardihood; they are not allowed to whimper for small hurts, they are taught to bear bravely, and to endure. This little fellow was not more than 4 or 5 years old. He and his mother were walking through country paths one day when they came to a stile. It was several steps high and the boy wanted to jump from the top. "May I, mother?" he asked.

The mother carefully explained to him that if he did he would run the risk of hurting himself. Still the eager face questioned, and the lips repeated, "May I?" and finally the mother said, "You may do as you please, my son, now that I have warned you."

The little chap gathered himself up bravely, measured the distance carefully with his eye and jumped, landing on his two sturdy feet.

"I think the mother was glad he jumped," said an onlooker.

That mother weighed the chances. She knew there was a slight risk. Why did she allow it? Because of the greater good. In the first place, she invested her son with the responsibilty of decision; in the second place, she did not thwart a reasonable pride in showing what he could do; in the third place, she put a certain confidence in him which will go far toward making them true comrades. But more than all, she helped him to a habit of fearlessness.

Such a course is not without its reflex action. Most mothers wear themselves out with needless worry about their children when they are out of sight. The mother who teaches bravery to her children knows that she has panoplied them against many perils, and she becomes herself brave in their behalf.

Some persons are very literal, otherwise there would be no need of saying that there are risks and risks. Some risks have no compensating benefit, and the mother possessed of good sense does not allow these to be indulged. Moral risks are quite another matter and must be considered in a class by themselves. Risk in morals is almost certain to be recklessness. But children, in order to come up courageous physically, must not be afraid of small hurts, or of facing the dangers always incidental to everyday life. Above all, they must be kept free from the dreadful domination of fear. Certain risks are inevitable to the accomplishment of this. The wise mother will not, in order to save her child a few bruises, deny him his rightful privilege of taking chances.

—Helen Hawley in the Continent.

THE BALM OF EASTER.

O friend, I mark the April skies
Grow softer day by day;
I watch the boughs, set thick with buds,
Across its blueness sway.

I hear the robin's morning call
Along the stillness borne,
And feel how nature everywhere
Thrills to her Easter morn.

And then, I think with pitying tears
Of aching hearts that say:
"Ah, why should bird and bloom return,
And she be still away?"

"Why, from a thousand rending graves,
Should spring's glad life awake,
And no white angel at her tomb
The seal of silence break?"

I have no chiding for your grief,
For bitter hours must come,
When heaven is hid by mists of tears,
And faith's sweet lips are dumb;

When, spite of glories yet to be,
The heart will make its moan,
And love puts by the promises
To cry: "Give back mine own!

"Better than all the shining hosts
That fill the heavenly place,
One glimpse of her dear smiling eyes,
Her tender human face."

Yet, still God's healing drops like dew
Upon our faithless grief,
And still he binds the bruised reed
And helps our unbelief.

And still with patient love he waits
Till, sorrow's tears all shed,
We creep like children to his arms,
And so are comforted.

—Emily Huntington Miller.

THE TOO-MUCH-PITIED FARMER'S WIFE.

When one who is himself a reader and thinker enters for the first time a home and finds neither bookcase, nor papers and magazines lying about, he quickly concludes this family lacking in several essentials necessary to a well-stocked mind.

Once this was said of the farmer's home, that Bible and almanac comprised his stock in books. It certainly is not

true in this day, if it ever was, to any extent, outside of the funny man's imagination.

Now the farmer invests in bookcases and a library table, and you will find papers and many of the popular magazines on that table.

The wonder to many farm women, who deplore the pity wasted on them by story and song in many of these magazines, is, how happens it the farmer takes this abuse of himself so quietly. Does he consider the source not worth while, or what?

It is getting worth while, let me tell you, for many women in other walks of life are taking it up against him.

It is certainly time that he was demanding, as the great majority, not to be classed with the exceptional case. It is time that his helpful, good-managing wife declare that she will no longer be judged by the complaining farm wife, who would be a failure anywhere.

The editor of the Indiana Farmer said very lately: "Our country's hope lies in agriculture." This is first-class truth. And yet, how can a man succeed in agriculture if his home is not a good home, and he is ever at a discount in it as a tyrant, a brute, and his wife not with him hand and heart? You would think she was not, to read of her in many popular magazines.

These stories would have you believe, from inference, that it is the farmer's cruelty to wife and sons, as well as daughters, that is driving them to the city.

They would have you believe that all he thinks of is adding acre to acre, live stock to live stock, himself merely riding a horse about the land to boss his hands, while his "pore wife" rises at four, cooks, bakes, sweeps, scrubs, sews, cans fruit, tends chickens, makes butter, raises children until she lands in an early grave or the insane asylum—then he marries a second wife. How much of this is true of him? "Poor papa," a farmer girl said, decisively, the other day; "none of it, or our neighbors either."

Every fiction writer upon the earth knows that a story well-written, giving pathetic scenes of the farmer wife abused, and deprived of every convenience in her house, and recreation as well, is snapped up by the second, if not the first, magazine sent to.

Why is this? Simply because these editors, being city bred and raised, believe every word of the story. To these, who, if they want a drink, merely turn a faucet, the carrying of a bucket of water from an outside well is horrible drudgery, forgetting that the pumping, the exercise incurred in carrying those buckets, the good air breathed while doing so, has expanded the lungs, and with other such work quite likely added years of life, instead of taking them away.

The farmer's wife has the same chance for hired help that is given her city sister. Indeed, more; for, as a rule, girls would rather cook for hired hands and live on equality with the family. The country woman has no more trouble keeping help than her city sister, and if she does, when looked into the fault is found to be her own.

How many farmers can afford to only boss the hired hand? How many refuse to buy their wives washing machines, cream separators or patent churns, kitchen sinks and cooking ranges? Oh, you writer of fiction, come and search, then be ashamed of what you have written.—The Indiana Farmer.

Crooked people need straight gospel.

THE GIRL'S MORNING PRAYER.

"She rose from her untroubled sleep,
And put away her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer.
Her snow-white hands together pressed,
Her blue eyes cast upon the ground,
The hands held up before her breast,
She inward prayed without a sound.
And from her long and flowing dress
Escaped the bare and slender feet,
Whose shape upon the earth did press
Like the new snow-flakes, white and sweet,
And then, from slumber pure and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed her slight and graceful form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven:
She prayed for father and for mother,
And begged for all to love each other.

"O God if souls unsoiled as these
Need daily mercy from Thy throne;
If she upon her bended knees,
Our lovliest and our purest one,
She with a face so clear and bright,
We deemed her some stray child of light;
If she with those soft eyes in tears,
Day after day in her first years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from Thee,
What far, far deeper need have we!
How hardly, if she win not heaven,
Will our transgressions be forgiven!"

For The Children.

THE FAIRY DELL.

Once there were three little girls, and their names were Margaret, Mollie, and Mary. Margaret was tall with long dark braids and black eyes. Mollie was short and chubby with light hair and blue eyes, and Mary was medium size with brown hair curling tight over her head.

They were all staying at a farm-house in the country during vacation time; and one warm July day they sat idly swinging in the hammock on the porch, saying, "Oh, what shall we do? They had been playing store, selling the flowers they had picked from the garden, and the bright colored petals were scattered about the floor.

Before them stretched beautiful woods for miles and miles in every direction, and at one side was a high hill that went up in the sky, and looked almost as blue as the sky itself.

"I know," said Mollie, "let's climb that big hill and see what's on the top."

"No, let's stay here and play house with our dolls," said Mary. "It's too warm to walk."

Margaret said: "Too warm indeed! Of course not. Let's take a walk in the woods, and see what we can find. It's foolish to stay around this house so much."

"I don't think mother would want me to go," said Mary, "and I can't ask her 'cause she has gone to the village."

"Of course she would like you to go," Margaret said.

"Walking makes you grow, and that's what you're here for. I'll tell you," she went on, "there's a dandelion gone to seed: I'll blow it, and, if the seeds blow all off, we'll go to the woods, and, if half off, we'll climb the hill, and, if only a teeny few blow off, we'll stay here and play house."

"All right," the children said. So Margaret ran and picked the dandelion ball, and then she puffed out her cheeks as big as she could and blew with a great blow. The tiny seeds felt what seemed to them a great gale, and they tried to hold on tight, but they couldn't, it blew so hard; so they scattered this way and that way, and, when the children looked, every one of the tiny white seeds were gone,—all sailing on the summer breeze straight toward the wood.

"Hurrah! shouted Margaret, "I have my wish. Come on, one, two, three, go!"

Away the little girls started down the lane towards the big woods. How cool and shady they were as they entered them, and what tall trees! The tops of some of them could hardly be seen. There were graceful white birches, green maples ("where our sugar comes from, you know," said Mary), and pines, spruces, and clumps of trees just like Christmas-trees. They could hear the crows cawing, and a phoebe's plaintive call in the distance. The pine-needles made a soft carpet for their feet, scarlet berries clustered under the ferns, a striped chipmunk watched them with his bright eyes, and a red squirrel ran chattering along the branch of an oak. They gathered acorns, and Mollie showed them how to make chains of pine-needles.

As they went on, the path grew narrower and more twisted, shrubs and bushes sprang up in their way, and rocks projected out of the ground. It began to grow darker, too; for they had stopped to play so often and look at so many things that the afternoon was almost gone.

"Let's not go any further," said Mary.

"Oh, hark! I can hear a brook gurgling. I'm sure there's a waterfall ahead," said Margaret. "If we go on, perhaps we can find a drink. Hurry up!"

"I'm sure I would like a drink," tired Mollie chimed in. "I'm thirsty and hungry, too. I just wish we were at the farm-house playing house with cookies and cambric tea in our dolls' dishes!"

"You foolish children!" Margaret exclaimed. "You act like babies! Come on, do!"

So the little girls went on, parting the branches of the trees that hung over the path, stumbling over the rocks, and ducking their heads to escape the masses of leaves. They heard an owl hoot before long, and then a whip-poor-will began his evening song.

"I shall not go another step," cried Mollie, as a sharp twig flew back in her face from a parted bough.

"Nor I either," said Mary. "I will stay with you, Mollie dear, for we can never find the way home," and the two children sank to the ground, with their arms around each other.

"'Fraid cats!" declared Margaret. "Well, stay if you want to: I'm going to find the brook."

So saying, she pushed on, carefully picking her way, and after a while, creeping on her hands and knees, she drew near an expanse of cedar-trees, their branches sweeping the ground. Lifting them, she passed under, and to her surprise found herself in a small mossy dell, surrounded by a fringe of the trees, in the midst of which was a pool of water. Tiny lights sparkled in every direction, and, on tiptoeing up to them, she found they were fireflies circling about, each one in his own orbit. Under each light sat a grasshopper on a mushroom, playing on a little fiddle, and on a smooth level spot danced the queerest little creatures in bright colored dresses! As Margaret gazed in astonishment, she saw that they were torn and frayed at the edges and were shaped like flower petals.

There could be no doubt that they were flower fairies—nasturtiums, larkspur, marigolds, feverfew,—precisely like the flowers she had been playing with that afternoon and had tossed aside,—all taking hold of hands and dancing happily in spite of their frayed gowns. Then she saw, moving on the pool of water, some opened peapods, and in them were little creatures with round heads precisely like peas. They were bobbing them up and down, rowing the pod boats with blades of grass with all their might, and they were coming straight towards her. Each one had something white in his lap; and, they were coming straight towards her. Each one had something white in his lap; and, when they reached the bank of the pool, they fastened their boats to pebbles and came trooping up the path right towards her, firing the white fluffy balls in their hands at her.

"Oh, help! help!" she screamed. "Mary, Mollie, come!"

Her cries brought the children, who bravely hurried to the aid of their friend. They were astonished at the sight which met their eyes as they crept under the cedar-trees,—the bright spots of light, the music, the dancing flower fairies, and the white balls flying through the air.

Suddenly there was a hush as a faded rose fairy advanced toward the stump of a tree and, followed by six daisies, each with missing petals, climbed to the top and sat down upon a throne of yellow glistening quartz, waving a wand of a goldenrod tip, crying in a sweet voice, "Silence! Attention all!"

Instantly the grasshoppers ceased playing, tne flower fairies arranged themselves in a circle around the stump, and the pea manikin's drew themselves up in lines on each side of her, bobbing their heads in such a funny way that children could but smile.

"This is a great occasion," began the Rose Queen in a stately way. "Our happy home, the home of departed flower spirits from the farm-house garden and fields, has been invaded by three earth children. It's not wholly their fault, for a dandelion puff led them here. I have decreed, however, that he must lead them back again. But first we will give them some food. Come, buttercups, buttercups," she called; and the children saw, to their joy, troops of little buttercups running toward them, holding up their satin skirts daintily, each one carrying a tray on which were slices of bread and honey and glasses of sparkling dewdrops, which they gracefully placed before them.

"Thank you, thank you," the children said, in voices as gentle as possible.

After eating this lunch, which, strange to say, seemed to them like a hearty meal at home, the Queen blew three blasts on a red columbine horn, saying "Attention, puff midgets!" Immediately the white balls that had been aimed at Margaret by the pea soldiers began to float up in the air, tiny hands stretched out on either side of each one, and with these they beckoned to the children while they sang:—

"Come, come, come,
We will lead you home.
Follow, follow, through the dell,

For the way we know so well.
Come, come, come,
We will lead home.

"Take, take, take,
For 'tis getting late.
Catch us, children, just for fun;
Try, and do not fear to run.
Take, take, take,
For 'tis getting late."

Thus the dandelion seeds sang, and Mollie and Mary, after taking a reluctant look at the fairy dell, followed them; and then, strange to say, instead of a rough, crooked, overgrown path, they found themselves slipping down a smooth road laughing and chasing the seeds.

But Margaret stamped her foot and said: "What silly children to run after dandelion seeds! I shall not go their way, but my own. I don't believe they know where to go," and she ran off in another direction.

Half an hour later Mary and Mollie found themselves in sight of the farm-house, and their guides, nodding a good-bye, began to float higher in the air.

"But we can't go on without Margaret," the children said. "Oh, dear puffs, do find her and help her home, too."

"She was rude to you," the puffs replied: "she stamped her foot and called you 'babies' and ''fraid cats,' and led you on; and she has torn more petals from the fairies' dresses when they were in the garden than any one else."

"Never mind," they pleaded, "do help her just the same. We do not want to have her lost in the woods in the dark night."

They had no sooner said that than Margaret stood beside them, and hovering over her head was the rose queen, riding on a golden butterfly, who waved her wand as she flew away, singing:—

"Loving hearts are wonderful things,
They give to fairies charmed wings,
And a selfish child
Can grow meek and mild.
When children forgive,
'Tis a joy to live."

Then suddenly it was broad daylight instead of night time, and Margaret, Mary, and Mollie found themselves swinging idly in the hammock in the warm rays of the sun, yawning and rubbing their eyes. "I do believe we've all been asleep instead of going anywhere!" Mollie said. But at supper time they had strange stories to tell their mothers about fairies. Only Margaret did not say much, but looked sober. But from that time on Mary and Mollie noticed that she was unsually kind and thoughtful and tried hard to please them, for often the lines sang in her mind,—

"When children forgive,
'Tis a joy to live.

And after that the children were careful not to tear off the flower petals.—Clara Stetson in Christian Register.

A NURSERY SONG.

O Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout
Are two little goblins black.
Full oft from my house I've driven them out,
But somehow they still come back.
They clamber up to the baby's mouth,
And pull the corners down;
They perch aloft on baby's brow,
And twist it into a frown,
And one says, "Shall!" and t'other says, "Shan't!"
And one says, "Must!" and t'other says, "Can't!"
O Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout,
I pray you now, from my house keep out!
But Samuel Smile and Lemuel Laugh
Are two little fairies light;
They're always ready for fun and chaff,
And sunshine is their delight,
And when they creep into baby's eyes,
Why, there the sunbeams are;
And when they peep through her rosy lips,
Her laughter rings near and far.
And one says, "Please!" and t'other says, "Do!"
And both together say, "I love you!"
So, Lemuel Laugh and Samuel Smile,
Come in, my dears, and tarry awhile.—St. Nicholas.

Men test the world by the pleasures they find in themselves, and they find the world wanting.

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Everything about the house that Bessie wanted specially to play with was always "too nice for little girls to handle." Finally one day she asked wistfully; "Mamma, may I carry the baby awhile?"

"No, indeed, my little darling," refused her mother; "you are too young and small; you might let it fall."

"Well, mamma," was her disappointed response, "then may I have it when it is worn out?"—Ex.